

The Cee-Ay

Of, By and For the Students of Columbia Academy

VOL. I.

MAY 24, 1922.

NO. 11.

WANTED: MORE SIR GALLAHADS.

At the present time we certainly need more Sir Galahads. As we all know, Sir Galahad was the model knight of King Arthur's Round Table and was supposed to be the most valiant knight on earth.

He alone achieved the finding of the Holy Grail, and the only reason that he achieved it was because he was pure at heart. He was said to have been the most chivalrous and was called Galahad the Peerless. Because he was without equal in virtue, valor and strength.

Let us all be Sir Galahads, peerless in virtue. Let us try to imitate him in his good deeds. These are essential to have, Catholic gentlemen. Because Sir Galahad gave his thoughts to God and because everything he did was for the greater honor and glory of God, he succeeded in all his undertakings.

A person who has a pure heart nowadays is laughed at and called a "good-goody"; but in the days of Sir Galahad it was different. Those who were wicked and impure were despised and sometimes banished from their country.

Let us make the country as it was in Sir Galahad's time and become models in purity so that we may say as he did: "My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure."
—Lloyd Schneider, '23.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Mrs. W. H. Kann came Saturday for a short visit with her sons Edmund and William.

Father Patnode, of Tama, and Father James Kearns of Cedar Rapids, paid us a visit the past week.

Clem McCullough's parents autoed in from Sherrill's Mound to see Clem Friday.

Jess Faha, who was compelled to leave school early in the winter, due to a hard attack of pneumonia, finds it hard to remain away from his friends at St. Joe Hall. "Tarz" was feeling quite fit again when he was here Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. John Klassen, of Cedar Rapids, Adeline Schlick and Loretta Tobin stopped off Monday noon on their way through the city to visit Harry Rice and John Schlick.

We stated in our last week's issue that a number of the boys from the Academy "hiked" to the Monastery. We beg your pardon and stand corrected—THEY MOTORED.

Father Kucera was absent over Sunday at Lamont, where he assisted Father Joseph Linkenmeyer with his parish duties.

THE HOME TOWN.

There are fancier towns than our little town;

There are towns that are bigger than this,

And the people who live in a little old town,

Don't know the excitement they miss.

There are things that you see in the wealthier town,

That you can't, in a town that's small,

And yet, up and down, there is no other town

Than your own little town after all.

It may be true that the streets

aren't long,
Nor wide, and maybe, not straight;
But the neighbors you know in your own little town,

All welcome a fellow—it's great.
In the glittering streets of a glittering town,

With its palaces, pavement and thrall;

In the midst of the throng you will frequently long

For your own little town after all.

If you live and you work in your own little town,

In spite of the fact that it's small,
You'll find it a fact that your own little town,

Is the best little town after all.
—Edmund Kopel, '23.

TO THE STUDENTS OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

A Retreat for Laymen will be given in Loras Hall, beginning Friday evening, June 16, and ending Monday morning, June 19.

Invite your Father, Brother and Friends. Let them enjoy the same treat you enjoyed so much. Charges including room and board, \$6.00. Leave application at Business Office.

SHORT STORY CONTEST.

The Annual Academy Short Story Contest closed Wednesday, May 10th. A number of good stories were submitted. Lincoln Whelan of the Senior Academic class won first honors with "Darwin, Vindicated". Edmund Meyer and Joseph Holloway, Junior Academics, won second and third places with "The Black Door" and "Have It Your Own Way Then." As Whelan's and Meyer's story are to be published in The Spokesman we are not publishing them in The Cee-Ay. Joseph Holloway's story is included in this week's issue.

Fathers Steffen and Mahoney acted as judges of the contest.

"HAVE IT YOUR OWN WAY THEN"

Thus would read the headlines that would appear in the story section of New York's greatest evening paper. Young people would devour it at a sitting. Old folk would read it twice.

James Harris and Tom Davis, former friends and class-mates, had met again. Once they had been wealthy, socially prominent and brilliant; now they were tramps. Conversing with them was an elderly man neatly clad in black. Had the reader been near at hand, he might have heard a resume of the story of these two sons of the road.

Both had been famous athletes; both had been brilliant students; both had loved a certain Adelaide.

Tom Davis had been expelled from school. He had been accused of leaving the grounds after night-fall without permission, and the testimony of James Harris had convicted him. "Have it your own way, then," said Davis as he took the penalty that by right belonged to Harris.

Years had rolled on. Harris had graduated with high honors and had accepted a position as cashier in a bank. But Davis was waiting his chance. One morning money was missed at Harris' bank. The cashier was accused of the theft and arrested. At his trial, no evidence was found against him and he was about to be acquitted. But it was not to be so. A shabbily dressed stranger stepped forward in the court room, and pointing a menacing finger at Harris, cried, "You are guilty, and you know it."

"Have it your own way, then, Davis," muttered Harris as they led him back to jail.

More years had rolled by. Davis and Harris had met again. Now both were tramps.

"Well," said Harris, "what has become of Adelaide?"

Just then a lady was seen approaching. Both Harris and Davis looked at her in amazement.

"It is Adelaide," they agreed.

"Pope was right," she hissed, "Beware of all, but most beware of man."

"Oh, what ruin one woman can bring about," moaned the tramps in unison.

"You have had it your own way, both of you," said the man in black. "This world's a stage where all must play a part, and you have been the villains."

The cub reporter sent his story to the New York World. By return mail he received, not a check, but his release. —Joseph Holloway, '23

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Editorial

In just fourteen days we shall be dispersed, some of us to meet again next fall, some of us to meet perhaps once or twice in our lives again, and the saddest of all thoughts, some of us never to meet again.

With what spirit then, should we part? First of all, let it be one of friendliness and good will. Are there any of us who has an enemy among his fellow students? If there be any differences, however slight their character may be, let us clear them away, and part—Friends All.

If we follow the advice of many great and influential men, we will not stop at parting as friends, but will continue that friendship as long as we live. Some of us have spent the best years of our lives together; shall all the bonds of comradeship and loyalty, which now bind us so closely together, be severed, and just because we are to part?

When we get out into this big bustling world, and encounter a particularly bad obstacle, when progress seems nigh impossible, and our morale is low, who of us can tell but that it may be the support, financial or moral, of an old school-mate which will give us the strength to regain our standing, renew our hope and enable us to carry-on", just as it did in the old days at school.

—J. M. S.

A TRIP TO MEXICO CITY.

Many people in the United States who have not yet acquired much knowledge of our neighboring country, Mexico, save that of a little information learned in the histories of the grade school imagine it to be in a practically uncivilized state. But I can readily assure you that if you took a trip to Mexico, you would be greatly astonished at its beauty, both in nature and architectural achievement.

Living in Brownsville, Texas, at the time I made the little excursion to Mexico City, we were not forced to travel far to reach our destination. Securing passports, which, at the time cost \$1.50, we crossed the Rio Grande to Matamoris, a twin city to Brownsville. It is not a very large city, having about fifteen thousand inhabitants. It is far famed for its beautiful, palmy beer gardens, and the old historic missions around the city.

Boarding a train at Matamoris for Mexico City we found the accommodations to be one hundred per cent better than we expected; in fact everything was nearly as modern as on our average American Railway. Traveling through the country we could plainly see that agriculture and stock raising were the chief occupations. Coming closer to Mexico City, small mining towns became more numerous, Mexico being richly endowed with large deposits of copper and silver.

Arriving at Mexico City, which is the largest, most modern, and up to date city in Spanish America, we found it to be situated in a valley. It was founded by the Aztecs in 1325 and is built in the form of a square covering an area of about four square miles in extent and has a population of 365,000.

One of the most beautiful buildings in the city, or in fact the whole country is the famous old Cathedral. It is a large Renaissance building erected in the early part of the seventeenth century.

On our visit to the National museum we found it to be a huge structure of grey stone, and containing many relics and antiques of the old Spaniards. A number of these antiques are of pure hammered silver. Not far from the city are many old missionos, some nearly in ruins. To the East are the old battle grounds where the Americans utterly routed the Mexicans nearly a century ago.

After spending a week in the city, during which we saw everything of interest excepting a bull fight, we boarded a north bound rattler glad to get back to the dear old U. S. A.

—E. J. Schemmel, '22.

Coach (at skull practice)—
"What's the weak end of a batting order?"

Red—"It's the slugging end coming up to bat for a week-end."

THE FISH POND

Prof.—"Who hasn't his work for today complete? Sit up straight, take down your feet."

Student—"I have all but the last one. If I had more time I'd had it done."

Prof.—"You had time, but you didn't work. You're getting to be an awful shirk, I'm getting tired of fooling with you. Better take a trip to two forty-two"

Student—"Oh! but Father, I'm supposed to play ball. (To Neighbor) They don't have mercy for athletes at all."

Prof.—"Now close your books, we'll have a test, I hope you all are at your best."

Student—"He always springs one when we're not prepared. (To Neighbor) I think I'll flunk, Gee, but I'm scared."

Prof.—"We'll have ten questions, they're not hard. This mark will average on your card. Remember last week I told you to study, there is no excuse for anybody."

Student—"We never had these things explained. If we flunk, we're not to be blamed."

Prof.—"The day we had them you were't awake."

Bright Student—"Oh! these are easy, I got them jake."

Student—"If I flunk this time I can't play the next game. Gee, but exams give me a pain."

—J. Reedy, '23.

Gorman: "Listen Joe."

Kellogg: "Shoot, I'm all ears."

Gorman: "You said a mouthful, judging from their size."

"I thank you for the flowers," she said.

And then she smiled and dropped her head.

"I'm sorry for the words I spoke last night.

"Your sending flowers proved that you were right."

"Forgive me dear," she sighed.

"I will, my love," he cried.

And as they walked and talked among the bowers.

He wonders, "hoonell" had sent those flowers.

—Ossie, '22.

HAND BALL.

The Hand Ball Tournament was quite drowsy this week due mainly to the inability (?) of participants to participate at scheduled times.

Hogan and Duffy dropped two games to Brennan and Clemens, the first 21-15, the last 21-11. Kellogg and Kopel managed to take a game 21-7 and another 17-9. Brennan-Clemens and Kellogg-Kopel are tied for first place.

ATHLETICS

COLUMBIA ACADEMY, 9; CAMPION ACADEMY, 4.

When our warriors embarked for Prairie Du Chien they did not expect a lark and they didn't get one. But they did succeed in trouncing the Campion Preps to the tune of 9-4. The Academy hit Campion hard in the first, fourth and fifth rounds in each of which frames they copped three markers. Campion managed to score one tally in the first, two in the second and one in the last. Both teams played fast ball and hit hard. “Red” O'Connor—you know “Red”—was on the mound for the Columbians. He was going fine and struck out three in the eighth. He allowed 6 hits but always pulled out of his holes. Columbia also gained 11 hits, two of which “Doc” Wolf transported for circuits. One homer scored Kopel and Forkenbrock. Outfielding honors go to Columbia while Campion gathered all credit in in-field stunts.

Score by innings—
Columbia 300 330 000— 9
Campion 120 000 001— 1
Batteries: Columbia—O'Connor and Wolf. Campion—McGill and McDale.

ACADEMY, 10; ALL STARS, 9.

With the All Stars playing a better brand of ball than on previous occasions, an interesting battle was seen on Clark field. The Academy had to fight throughout the whole game to cop the victory. Joe Kellogg starred for the Academy. His fielding robbed the All Stars of many extra passes. “Circus” also got two doubles, the last scoring “Forky” in the ninth for the winning run. “Pete” Morgan, of the All Stars played like an “Eddie” Collins, grabbing seemingly impossible flies. He also cracked out a double. “Eddie” McPartland copped the All Stars batting Honors. He singled thrice for as many runs. McGarvey whiffed eight men.

R. H. E.
Academy 10 10 4
All Stars 9 15 2
Batteries: Academy—Nevins and Wolf; All Stars—McGarvey and Vetch, Gorman.

COLUMBIA, 3; TEACHERS, 3.

In a slow game at Cedar Falls the Teachers managed to hold our fast Varsity to three tallies. They themselves garnered the same number. Both teams were handicapped by the wet field. The game was scheduled for 2:00 but a heavy downpour delayed it until 3:00. The game was called after the ninth round.

R. H. E.
Columbia 000 002 001— 3 9 3
Teachers 000 011 010— 3 8 4
Batteries: McAuley and Murray; Roeder and Strandskov.

WEEK'S RESULTS.

Columbia	3
Iowa State Teachers	3
(Called: 9th Inning—; Rain).	
Academy	10
All Stars	9
Columbia Sox	11
Midgi Midgets	2
Midgets	15
Columbia Sox	10
Academy	(9
Campion Preps	4
Columbia Sox	10
Midgi Midgets	4

TABLE TEAMS.

McPartland's	4
Quinn's	3
Hanrahan's	7
Franke's	2
Meis's	3
Hanrahan's	2
Kople's	7
McCormick's	1
Whelan's	11
Vaessen's	3

OUR ATHLETIC HALL OF FAME.

(Our Own) DORRANCE T. NOONAN.

I have been at many colleges while playing under Purple and Gold colors on foreign grounds, but none can compare with Columbia,” said Dorrance. He has been playing in all branches of athletics at Columbia for six years. On account of his basketball ability he is respected and widely known throughout the west. In this he is in a class by himself. He was able to play any position to advantage, but his best work was at forward. He has scored many points and was the means of bringing many victories to his Alma Mater.

Noonan is also a shark at tennis. In 1916 he was awarded the Hawk-eye Conference Trophy, being considered one of the best tennis players in the state.

In baseball he plays the outer garden, in the manner of a big league calibre. He is leading his team in batting this year.

In football he is noted for his accurate passing and open field work.

Noonan was always a leader in his classes and his name always found a place on the Honor Roll. This is his Senior year at the college. Columbia will miss their star very much next year.

JOHN J. LONG.

“I would rather play at Columbia than any other College,” remarked John. John Long did not come to

Columbia unheralded. He hails from St. Rita's High school of Chicago, where for three years he was chosen for the Q. B. position on the all Chicago Catholic High school Eleven. This year he is Columbia's famous all-around Athlete. In the fall of 1918 he made his first appearance here. His best work was in football. “Jack would rather play football than eat” Long is “Columbia's Gipp.” He handles himself “Like Jim Thorp”. Runs the team like “Gus Dorais”. He hits the line like a Locke. His general knowledge of foot-ball proves him to be a star in every fray. His “pep” on the diamond, grid iron, put fight into his teammates proving a great factor in winning games. An unusual thing in Long's career is the fact that his first and last games at Columbia were his best.

Dubuque S. A. T. C. 14
Rock Island 6

Long scored the winning touchdown in the last quarter. In his last game.

Columbia 42
Mt. Morris 0

In this game Long scored two touchdowns in two minutes. John also made a great record in basketball. He was one of Columbia's best forwards in the history of the college. He was a perfect shot and an excellent floor man. 1922 was his best season. But basket-ball and foot-ball are not only John's best. He was also a baseball star of high caliber. He played the outfield and shortstop. Extra base hits came natural. It would be useless to give any special incidences of his ability. They are too numerous. John is also high in his classes and graduates this year.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Today a sad procession
Slowly winds along the street
With heads bowed low, along they go,
To the muffled drums' sad beat.

They march on to the churchyard
To greet the honored dead
Greet those who fell, while funeral
bell

Doth toll from o'erhead.

And when they reach the church-
yard,

We hear the pastor's voice
Invoked in prayer, that way up there
In Heaven they rejoice.

And then the little flower girls
Strew flowers on every mound.
Then a bugle's blare, doth fill the
air,
As taps they solemnly sound.

Oh! Sleep, sleep on ye noble dead,
Your death was not in vain.
You made this land, both great and
grand,
May you in heaven reign.

—F. Powers, '22.

KAMPUS KWIBS.

Question: What, in your mind, is the proper way for a student to spend his vacation?

Vacation is a time in which a student relaxes from the ordinary routine of school life to secure that needed rest which is helpful in the reorganizing of his physical powers. It should not mean, however, an overthrowing of everything attached to school life. Consequently, he should take care that the lessons which he has learned at school should find their application in life as he will find it after school days are over forever. He should remember that much will be expected from him since much has been given to him. Those of his immediate family will expect him to be kind, obedient and respectful around home; others will expect that his conduct will be an example for all. He should, then, determine that his vacation will be spent in some useful occupation, that his recreations will always be spent in an honorable manner. Neither should he forget that his mind will need refreshing by some clean, wholesome reading.

—A Faculty Member.

Vacation is enjoyed by every student but especially by those who have been living under the rules and discipline of the Boarding School. Every student should have his good time in the right way, thereby making himself more fit for the coming term. Personally, I shall try and remember that I am one of Columbia's advertisements.

—Raymond Runde, '22.

I think that if one spends his summer vacation at some lake-side summer resort rowing and fishing, etc., likewise taking in all the outdoor sports and exercises, including a good hot ball game by the way of a sweat, he will have made the most of his vacation.

—Joseph P. Veitch, '23.

How will I spend my vacation? Oh! I'll find lots of ways. First I want to rest up good. Then I'll spend most of the time playing ball, swimming, and enjoying all the out-door sports. I'll have a number of good books to read—a pile as high as myself—Lastly, I'll work. Whom, I cannot say, but I intend to work.

—E. Byrne O'Malley, '23.

My ideas on spending vacation this summer are by going scouting on the hills around Dubuque, and by going fishing and swimming.

—Carl Biver, '25.

FOURTEENTH STREET.

4 to 5 p. m.

You can wave your hand, to beat the band,

On top of Fourteenth Street,
You can moan and groan: 'I wanna go home',

In language sweet and neat
And there you may cry as the hours pass by,
And shout 'till your voice is weak,

But when you think back, and recall
how slack

You've acted the last long week

You won't be surprised that a

Class was devised
For the culprits of 14th street.

—Charles Needham, '23.

CHOIR REHEARSAL.

The Vested Choir, under the direction of Fr. A. Dress, Ph. D., gave their final rehearsal Friday evening. They left early Saturday morning on their annual concert tour. The program was replete with selections from old masters and folksong. It was arranged with a view of giving the audience an understanding of the development of the folksong, from as early as the fifteenth century up until the present time. The program as a whole was very pleasing. The outstanding numbers were solos by Messrs. Reignier, Hoffman, Noonan Murray and Schultes.

At the close of the first number George Stemmm gave a few explanatory remarks as to the program, its object and composition.

The Academy is represented in the choir this year by Lynch, Hughes, Brennan and Falgui.

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY 1922.**(First Semester.)**

Classes were resumed on September 7th. Upon returning all were pleased to learn that the Senior Academics were to remain at St Joseph Hall, instead of being transferred to Loras Hall, as the Senior class had been for the past two years. Most of our class mates returned, and a number of new ones joined our ranks.

Another agreeable surprise was to learn that Father Howard, former Dean of Loras Hall, was to be our new President. Father Stuart, who had been president of the college for the past three years, was forced to retire from the strenuous position because of ill health.

After a few weeks the novelty of being a dignified senior soon grew old and we came back to earth. (And we're still there.)

During the latter part of September at a class meeting the following officers were chosen for the Senior year: Edward J. McPartland, President, Hugh Armstrong, Vice-president, Louis P. White, Treasurer and Edward J. McLaughlin, Secretary. At this meeting many suggestions were offered as to what the class should get as a mark of distinction and as a remembrance of the class. After many heated arguments it was decided to get white class sweaters, slip over style, with the purple and gold '22 monogram. Later on in the year it was decided to purchase class rings also with a neat little CA-22 design.

Coaches Cretzmeyer and Father Striegel soon issued a call for Academy football aspirants. A large number responded and our class

was represented by Whelan, Oswald, Andreson, Schrempf and White, who were line men. In the back field we had Diamond, Nevins and Armstrong. Worthy substitutes for these men were found in Wageman, Ent-ringer, Franke, Lassance, Schlick, J. Ryan, McClain, Powers and P. Ryan. Due to a late start and the fact that the schedule was rather short the team did not have a very good chance to show its real worth.

Having one victory to their credit, over Dubuque High School, their old time rivals, they bowed in defeat to the West Hill Indians and Campion Academy. They outplayed the Indians during the whole game, but the Indians by a "fluke" managed to get one touchdown and beat our team 7-0. Ask any one who professes a knowledge of athletics if too much practice will not make a team grow stale, and his answer will be "Yes". This then, we maintain was the sole cause of our Academy's defeat at the hands of the Campion Academics. Receiving the small end of the 24-7 tally at the final whistle. The purple and gold Academics fought to the finish. They were never bested, but the experience and weight of the up-river grid warriors was the main factor of Campion's victory.

Father Fitzgerald again began posting the Honor Roll, after each six weeks examination, and we can safely say that no small percentage of the students on this honor list were members of the Senior Academic class.

No coal shortage confronted the people in the winter of '21; consequently our Christmas Vacation ended too soon for the boys who were lonesome for Mother and their homes, and we were soon back with our "shoulder to the wheel" preparing for the Semester exams.

Father Setffen arranged a class basket ball schedule on our return. The Seniors and Juniors of St. Joseph Hall were represented in the Senior league, to compete with the teams from Loras Hall. The third and fourth Acs were divided into boarder and day-scholar teams. By steady playing and pure grit and "Stick-to-it-iveness" the Fourth Acs kept pace with Freshman Arts of Loras Hall and the Championship Battle raged to the highest pitch on the night of March 18. It would be to show partiality to attempt any lauding of individual stars. There were none. The whole team worked as a perfect machine. But they were defeated to the tune of 18-10. That the Loras Hall supporters were somewhat uneasy at the start of the second half was all too evident. A sudden spurt of speed rather took the college off their feet, but the cool headedness of Captain Conway inspired his team-mates, and the Frosh won. As a survival of the fittest we say they EARNED the cup.

(Continued Next Week.)